
South-Carolina Weekly Museum, &c.

FEBRUARY 18, 1797.

FOR THE SOUTH-CAROLINA WEEKLY MUSEUM, &c.

THE OBSERVER—No. III.

Censure of the World.

Too prompt to Censure, most men strive,

To blast his neighbour's fame:

Should honest labor bid him thrive,

Their envy blasts his name.

THERE is nothing more prevalent than the principle of censure, which arises merely from envy at another possessing those gifts of Fortune from which they are excluded. The busy whisper of censure is easily spread abroad, and the innocent person, unconscious of the charges brought against him, suffers under all the severity which the censure of the world creates.

It is an observation, founded on experience, that no man, however great his virtues or perfect in his character, has escaped the breath of censure, or the malignity of envy. In government, the slightest and most trivial departure from the strict forms of state, is branded as criminal: The man who has for years possessed the confidence of the people, will, on the slightest departure from the strict forms of state, find his character attacked with the envious shafts of censure, and his good name forever ruined. Whether we recur to ancient or modern times, we find this truth firmly established. "The Romans," says Plutarch, "having nothing else to cavil at, found fault with Scipio's

B b

sleeping; and the enemies of Pompey the great, having observed that he scratched his head with one finger, upbraided him with it." In modern days, alas! need we wander from our own shores, when so striking an example presents itself to our view, in the character of a WASHINGTON. 'Tis true they neither censure him for sleeping or scratching his head, but charges of a more serious nature are fixed on his proceedings, without any other foundation for their support than the malicious spirit of envy; and a cruel wish to plant a thorn in his bosom, on his retirement from the busy scenes of state, to enjoy in domestic life that happiness which his virtues, and a well-spent life in the service of his country, entitle him to expect.

In civil life this spirit is more prevailing, but with less danger. I cannot better illustrate this subject, than by a sketch of a character who enjoys my friendship, and whose real name I shall disguise under that of Mr. Compton: He entered into business as a merchant at an early period of life—By industry and application

cation, in a few years, he acquired a competent fortune, and placed himself above the frowns of the world; but not escaping its censure. The spirit of envy had taken root against him, and he was unable to eradicate that censure which had arisen from that spirit. In the circle of his family he is endued with all those virtues which render man happy and contented. Those who are acquainted with him, have fully experienced the goodness of his heart. He professes a total disregard of what the world can say of him; under the sanction of an honest conscience he thinks himself secure, and above its censures, and to this opinion I attribute the continuance of those censures, which envy at his good fortune first gave rise to.

It is curious to observe the different and contrary effects of censure. By some, the good man is censured; by many, the bad man—the spend-thrift and the miser—the merry sons of mirth and the sedate and sober—the rich and the poor. In short, all grades and conditions of men are liable to feel the effects of censure on their actions. The nicest care and circumspection is required to guard against any proceeding in our conduct which may give the world an opportunity of venting its spleen on our character in envious censure.

Every man should hold his reputation sacred. The monster, Jealousy, construes trifling deviations into criminal designs, and happy is he who can lull the censures and slander of the world. S.

THE TOMB.

(Translated from the French)

SAD depositary of all that was dearest to me upon earth; thou whom a weeping spouse raised to the object of her affections—Solitary

Tomb! whom mournful cypresses overshadow: melancholy wandering through these gloomy vallies, I come, my heart swollen with sighs, to ease my pain and repeat to thee my woes.

Heavens! what afflicting thoughts thy aspect raises in my inmost soul, worn out with grief. Shall I here call to mind these cruel thoughts? will I have sufficient force to paint the weight of my affliction, whose ever-new poignancy commands my tears to flow?

Ye loving, ye pure souls! you will sympathize with me on hearing my many misfortunes. The cold, the unfeeling will be little affected by them; they will hear, without a sigh, the accents of my grief;—indifferent—they know not how tender and lasting are the holy ties of blood and friendship.

But I who knew these delicious sensations, who have experienced them all; I who have lost so much; unhappy that I am! may I at least be permitted to mourn and to come under these melancholy trees to pour out all my heart.

Alas! so good a father, so virtuous a mother, whom I adored; in whom was centred the happiness of my life, so soon snatched from my love! And when? At the moment when my presence seemed to give them new life; when loaded with marks of their esteem, I forgot, with them, the anxieties I suffered by so long an absence.

The moment will ever be present to my mind, when forced, by cruel fate, I left the abode of my ancestors and quitted my beloved parents.—Motionless, overwhelmed with grief, they for a considerable time only expressed themselves by sighs and sobs. My father was the first who interrupted this killing silence of grief. O my Son, he cried, if we were ever dear to thee, remember

our

our love, do not forget the most tender mother.—Bathed with their tears, I quitted the arms of one, only to fall into those of the other. I was forced, alas! to tear myself from them; and when, after the most cruel absence, I fled to their embraces—they disappear for ever: Death deprived me of them at the moment I enjoyed their most tender caresses, when I so sensibly felt that on earth happiness consists alone in the overflowings of Nature and friendship! happy days, too soon at an end! I have now nothing left but the tormenting regret of having lost you without hope of return.

And you whose memory will be ever dear to me, faithful friends, whom cruel Death hath snatched in the prime of life, whom he hath, without pity for me, murdered in my embraces:—I called you, but you were deaf to my voice; I clasped you in my arms, and lo!—you were no more.

Who then can console me? who can administer comfort to my heart? What do I say? my deep wounds will bleed for ever and will bring me to the grave.

Inflexible Death! such are the calamities you have heaped upon me. Tell me what evils more dreadful can you have in reserve—You have deprived me of every thing. Now, forlorn, a mourner, a burden even to myself, what will become of me? whither shall I fly? whither betake myself? To whom shall I unbosom myself? Who will be my friend in the decline of life? and who will guide my tottering steps when old age comes on?

An orphan, and alone in the midst of ungrateful men, I have no friend. I am a stranger, and forsaken upon earth, and to crown my misfortunes—I live.

Unhappy that I am! I thought to find peace and rest in departing from those climes, where nought could yield me comfort. Without force, and almost dead, I quitted for ever the fertile fields and ancient habitation of my ancestors.

Ah! what tears flowed then from my eyes! and how affecting was my last farewell! All Nature seemed to sympathize: the rocks were moved; the river, that laves those rich countries, rolled gently its waves, as if to keep time with the accents of my grief, and its banks re-echoed my mournful lamentations.

O how I have been mistaken! I have carried with me the indelible impression of my melancholy sadness, the remembrance of those whom I loved has followed me to other climes; I will ever remember them. I carry them, I feel them more lively in my heart. By day methinks I see them, by night converse with them: Dear ideas, delicious illusions of a feeling mind, which vanish when I wake, and which only wound me the deeper.

There is then no more happiness for me! I am dead to every thing upon earth, and I have no hope of resting in peace but under the tranquil tomb. I live but to exclaim: Heavens! when shall my last day gild the horizon? When shall I behold the torch of life grow pale? When shall I disappear like a shade? or fall under the scythe of death, like a flower nipped by the north-wind?

In expectation of this end to my misfortune, O friendly Tomb! I will henceforth have no other desire, no other remission from woe, but to come under this gloomy shade, to feast on grief, to repeat to you my sufferings, and to speak of them continually—to you who have caused them all.

How

How time changes our minds!—and, how different it makes us from what we were! In the morning of my life, I could not bear to behold a Tomb; the sight of a dying person made me shudder with horror. Did I see a burial! I trembled, I turned aside my eyes and fled rapidly, crying like a child, who seeing a hideous viper come forth from the cavity of a rock, runs away frozen with fear.

I still remember it;—I trembled when darkness reigned around, and the brazen bell tolling affrighted the air with its melancholy sound; I thought that the voice of death itself assailed my ears. My whole frame shook, my weak spirits abandoned me, and my blood flowed rapidly toward my palpitating heart.

Like a traveller who has lost his way at night in a vast forest; if on a sudden he hear the roaring of a torrent, whose fall, loudly repeated by the echos, redoubles the horror which the gloomy darkness inspires: motionless he listens to the noise; he grows pale with terror, and his hair stands erect; he hastens his steps, thinking himself pursued, at one time by the genius of evil and by hideous spectres, at another by wolves howling in the vallies.

Now that I have lost all that made life dear, now that cruel fate has heaped the measure of my calamities, I will descend without fear and without regret to the empire of the dead. The image of death can no longer affright me. What do I say? alas! I daily implore the Tomb, I call it to my assistance. 'Tis not so dreadful, so terrible as the vulgar imagine: 'tis the asylum of the unhappy, an object which the wise wish for, and the peaceable port after which the heart sighs, tired by the tempest of life.

No, I dread death no more; and why should I fear it, if piety, if

filial tenderness, if constant friendship have inflamed my soul?

Let those tremble at the sight of death, who have had the impudent audacity to attack the Supreme Being, and to brave his thunder: let them abandon themselves to despair, and at the verge of the Tomb, pouring out blasphemies, let them invoke annihilation. But I who believe in the immortality of the soul; I, who have always religiously fostered in my mind this thought, so soothing to an unhappy soul; who have always cherished it as a boon from the all-bountiful Creator to those who unhappily out-live all whom they loved most, I will soon go to a more happy country, to meet the dear objects of my love.

Yes, I will go and re-unite myself for ever to the sublime souls, in those happy regions, where tender friendship, content and tranquil, doth not lament those cruel separations which afflict it here below. This soothing hope which heaven hath implanted in my breast, encourages me in the painful pilgrimage of life, and will crown the happiness of my last moments.

Ye verdant fields, ye enchanting hills, whom I traverse so often, remember ever-more my regret.—Lovely fountain, bordered with flowery shrubs that drink thy pure waters, may you preserve on your banks, when I shall be no more, the trace of my steps. Lofty trees, remind those who shall come under thy shade of my misfortunes.

May the friendly hand that shall close my eyes, suspend to the branches of the young beech which I planted, my melodious lute—deposit my ashes under that tree, and engrave on its bark these words:

“You who come to muse in this remote valley, sympathetic beings! stop before this Tomb and bathe it with your tears. Alas! he that it contains

contains loved so tenderly his parents and his friends, that, unable to survive them, he only languished and died of grief."

On Romantic Notions of Friendship ;

Or, the HISTORY of AMICUS.

THE ancient notions of chivalry do not (however preposterous they may seem) exceed the extravagant conceptions of what is called friendship. Young people carry this to so enthusiastic a height, that though it springs from a noble source, they ought to be warned against the indulgence of it, as it exposes them, sooner or later, to the artifices of more experienced characters. There can be no objection to an endeavour to obtain *one* valuable friend ; but it is much to be feared, if we expect more than one, we shall be bitterly disappointed : at least I was a sad example of this, and I shall commit my story to posterity, that I may at least do what is incumbent upon every man—contribute my mite to the service of my fellow creatures.

I am one of those mortals who never knew the value of resistance, and could never be master of the language of denial. Acquiescence and civility were ever my characteristics. I never gave affronts, and I even received them without much acrimony of recrimination. By this negative excellence, I acquired a numerous acquaintance, and imagined myself in very general esteem. To say the truth, I did not doubt, but if ever it should be necessary for me to use their service, I might command them without reserve.

In the course of a little time, I had occasion to make the trial ; for by unexpected failures in business, and other ill strokes of fortune, I

was stript of every thing but—*resources of Friendship.*

I arose early one melancholy morning, and turned my affairs on all sides, to see if, by any new arrangements, I could not set all right again. I took a walk into the street of my village where I resided, and tried to shake off my chagrin ; but the prospect was too dark for me. "It will not do (said I)—assistance must directly, must this very day be obtained, or I am ruined for ever." This sentiment had scarce passed in my mind, before one of the eldest, ablest and richest of my friends came towards me, and with the greatest cordiality wished me the health of the morning. I accosted him with equal warmth. Our harmony was favorable to the subject in hand, and I spoke to it as follows : "I am exceeding rejoiced to meet you (here my friend smiled) particularly to see you in so cheerful a humour (here my friend smiled again) it suits well with a little petition that I have now to make to your pocket (here my friend seemed a little uneasy) : Yes, dear Richley, I say to your pocket. You have always expressed a desire to serve me : I am now in the utmost need of your assistance, and I know it will not be more pleasing for me to receive your kindness than for you to confer it. What a pleasure is there in being indebted to a friend ! It excites both gratitude and sensibility : you will thank me that I have made you happy in the opportunity of obliging me. Pray let me have a thousand pounds without delay."

Here my friend gave a great hem, and said, with some incoherence, "Yes, yes, no doubt, certainly, a thousand pounds—by all means—I shall be very glad—but the truth is, I have not five guineas in the house,

house. At any other time I shall be proud to serve you."

Here my friend, who had a little time before been noticing the extreme beauty of the weather, found out that it was extremely cold, and wished me a good morning. I called two days after, and saw him at his window, but—*he was not at home.*

The next person that encountered me, was Mr. Sturdy, a wealthy farmer, who accosted me with the news of his having received a prize of 5000*l.* in the lottery. He was all joy and jollity. This is the very moment, said I to myself, so, without any ceremony, I told him that he must do me a favor: "That I will (said he) for I am so rich I scarce know what to do." "The very thing (said I)! you shall lend me a thousand pounds."

"Whew! (said he)—how much? Why you are a worthy man, and I would serve you with all my heart, but if I was to lend my prize-money, I should have no luck another time. At present I cannot assist you, therefore; but at any future opportunity, you may depend upon my readiest and very best endeavors."

My third application was made to a lady of great reputed generosity. I laid my case pathetically before her: "Good Heaven, sir, (said she) how sincerely I pity you! Only to see the revolutions of this world! Why you was a very responsible man some little time ago: I remember you talked of a carriage. God bless me, how surprisingly the things of this world turn about! They are topsy-turvy in a moment. Now if any man in the universe but you yourself had told me that you could stand in need of money, in the way of borrowing, I should have vindicated you from the scandal. Mercy upon us, how careful we ought to be!—We should turn a shilling over ten

times before we let it go out of our hands; and even then we should take good care that we have twelve pence, or twelve-penny worth for it. Oh lack-a-day, oh lack-a-day! Oh deary oh! oh deary oh!

Here the lady, my old friend went away lifting up her hands, and pitied me exceedingly.

The fourth application was to another lady, who heard my story with great attention; said, that she was beyond measure touched at it, as well as at my misfortunes, but she excused herself from assisting me with a thousand pounds, because, "Sir, (says she) as I am not married, and you have no security to offer me, it would give the world reason to believe, there was something between us more than there ought to be. It is my delicacy, and not my want of inclination, that refuses you, I protest, Sir. I hope you will see it in the right light. Young women must, in this age, be very guarded in their conduct. They must not be even seen conversing too long with the men alone."

Upon this my fair friend walked off in a hurry for the sake of her delicacy.

The person I next spoke to had once borrowed 3000*l.* of me.—He was now rich himself, and, as I had learnt, rich by lending out money at a certain interest. I opened the matter briefly: "How much will do?" said he, very civilly—"A thousand pounds," said I, "You shall have it." My heart jumped for joy. "Pray, what security do you chuse to offer?" "Security (said I)! I wish it to be a matter of friendship." "Friendship! (said he) friendship and a thousand pounds! Pardon me—they never met together in my time, and I wish you a very good day. Friendship and a thousand pounds, indeed!"

Upon

Upon this my friend turned upon his heel, and rapping his cane angrily against the ground never spoke to me afterwards.

I now tried a clergyman, whose favourite Sunday-subject was benevolence: Little doubt here, methought, as he was rich in preferments and in private fortune. I told him the whole affair.—“Misconduct, young man, (said he) is often miscalled misfortune. Don't deceive yourself. If you have been imprudent, confess it, for confession is the first step towards penitence, is the true path to pardon, and pardon is the high road to felicity. If thou hast erred, err no more.—Turn from thy evil ways, and do that which is right. Work while it is yet day, lest the night come and overtake thee. Remember these things, and be happy. As for money, it ill becomes my profession to encourage misconduct. Child, go thy ways, go thy ways,”

My friend the parson walked off in a very stately manner, and the very next day, which was Sunday, preached a most pompous and pathetic discourse upon the indispensable duties of Charity.

In this way did I proceed to no purpose, but that of losing my time, until another of my friends, who had heard of these my pecuniary petitions, arrested me for a large debt, contracted in the way of business: I was thrown into prison, and I subsist at present on the bounty of a sailor without an arm.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

(Continued from page 172.)

THE time then being come, that was appointed for their nuptials, and the husband having sent in form to demand her, Cymon said to him-

self: O, Ephigenia, the time is now come when I shall give proof how I love you! I am become a man on your account; and could I but obtain you, I should be as glorious and happy as the gods themselves; and have you I will, or else I will die. Immediately he prevailed upon some young noblemen, who were his friends, to assist him; and fitting out a ship of war privately, they put to sea, in order to way-lay the vessel that was to transport Ephigenia: who, after great respect and honor shewed by her father to her husband's friends, embarked with them for Rhodes.—Cymon, who had but little rest that night, overtook them on the following day, when he called out, stop, and strike your sails: or expect to go to the bottom of the sea. They on the other hand had got all their arms above deck, and were preparing for a vigorous defence. He therefore threw a grappling iron upon the other ship, which was making the best of its way, and drew it close to his own: when like a lion, without waiting for any one to second him, he jumped singly among his enemies, as not making the least account of them: and love spurring him on with incredible force, he cut and drove them all like so many sheep before him, till they soon threw down their arms, acknowledging themselves his prisoners: when he addressed himself to them in the following manner: Gentlemen, it is no desire of plunder, nor enmity to any of your company, that made me leave Cyprus to fall upon you here in this manner.—What put me upon it, is a matter of the utmost consequence to myself to have obtained it, and as easy for you quietly to grant me: It is Ephigenia, whom I love above all the world; and as I could not have her from her father peaceably, and

as

as a friend, my love doth constrain me to win her from you as an enemy, by force of arms. Wherefore I am resolved to be to her what your Pasimunda was to have been. Resign her then to me, and go away in God's name. The people, more by force, than any good-will, gave her, all in tears, up to Cymon; who seeing her lament in that manner, said: fair lady, be not discouraged, I am your Cymon, who have a better claim to your affection, on account of my long and constant love, than Pasimunda can have by virtue of a promise. Taking her then on board his ship, he suffered her ship to depart. Cymon thus being the most overjoyed man that could be, after comforting the lady under her calamity, consults with his friends what to do, who were of opinion that they should by no means return to Cyprus yet; but that it were better to go directly to Crete, where they had all relations and friends, but Cymon especially, on which account they might be more secure there along with Ephigenia: and accordingly they directed their course that way. But fortune, who had given the lady to Cymon by an easy conquest, soon changed his immoderate joy into most sad and bitter lamentation.— In about four hours from his parting with the Rhodians, night came upon them, and with it a most violent tempest, which overspread the face of the heavens, in such a manner, that they could neither see what they did nor whither they were carried; nor were they able at all to steer the ship. You may easily suppose what Cymon's grief must be on this occasion. He concluded, that heaven had crowned his desires only to make death more grievous to him, which before would have been but little regarded. His friends also were greatly affected,

but especially Ephigenia, who trembled at every shock, still sharply upbraiding his ill-timed love, and declaring, that this tempest was sent by Providence for no other reason, but that as he had resolved to have her, contrary to the will and disposal of Heaven, to disappoint that presumption; and that seeing her die first, he might die likewise in the same miserable manner.— Amongst such complaints as these, they were carried at last, the wind growing continually more violent, near the island of Rhodes; and not knowing where they were, they endeavoured, for the safety of their lives, to get to land if possible.— Herein they succeeded, and got into a little bay, where the Rhodian ship had arrived just before them; nor did they know they were at Rhodes till next morning, that they saw about a bow-shot from them, the same ship they had parted with the day before. Cymon was greatly concerned at this, and fearing what afterwards came to pass, he bid them put to sea if possible, and trust to fortune, for that they could never be in a worse place. They used all possible means then to get out, but in vain: the wind was strongly against them, and drove them to shore in spite of all they could do to prevent it. When they were soon known by the sailors of the other ship, who had now gained the shore, and who run to a neighbouring town, where the young gentlemen that had been on board were just gone before, and informed them how Cymon and Ephigenia were drove thither by stress of weather, in like manner with themselves. They hearing this, brought a great many people from the town to the sea-side, when they took Cymon and his companions prisoners, who had got on shore, with a design of fleeing to a neighbouring wood.

as also Ephigenia, and brought them all together to the town.—Pasimunda, upon hearing the news, went and made his complaints to the senate, who accordingly sent Lisimachus, who was chief magistrate that year, along with a guard of soldiers, to conduct them to prison.

(*To be Continued.*)

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM, &c.

Messrs. Printers,

AT this day, experience and theory both prove, that diseases always attack, with most force, those parts of the system which are the weakest. This being the case, an article on the cure of the Gout, which appeared in the second Number of your Weekly Museum, is not only improper, when applied in the general manner recommended, but by misleading an unhappy sufferer, might be the means of incurring the loss of his life.

When the gout is fixed in the feet or toes, the principal object of the patient should be to confine it there; this can always be done, by keeping the part moderately warm with flannels, and by taking two or three glasses of good old Madeira, through the course of the day. If in this case, frequent warm pultices are added to the flannels, the action of the part will be so much increased, as to endanger a translocation of the disease to a more vital part, the evil consequences of which, can easily be conceived. But if the disorder should be floating through the system, and threaten either the head, stomach or bowels, the remedy recommended, is not only innocent, but proper; though it could be much improved by adding some stimulating ingredients to the

pultices, such as horse-radish, mustard seed, &c. and by previously bathing the feet in warm water impregnated with hot ashes, and taking two or three glasses of Madeira (according to the state of the system) whilst the feet are in the bath. The idea of morbid matter being attracted through the pores, and by that means expelled, is too hypothetical to be admitted, and has been long ago exploded.

February 7, 1797.

*ACCOUNT of the Celebration of a
GOOD-FRIDAY, at BRUSSELS.*

FROM OWEN'S TRAVELS.

A CARD-PARTY was formed on Friday evening, being the Vendredi Saint, the singular object of which induces me to mention it. It was held at the apartments of the Comtesse de Choiseul, and attended by most of the fashionable people. Agreeably to the law of the assembly, the gains of the evening were to be disposed of, at the discretion of the lady of the house, in purposes of charity. This is a custom of ancient establishment.

An assembly of this nature, where pleasure and religion are combined, must give birth to many singular impressions. No day in the calendar can wear a more gloomy face, or excite more devotional sentiments in the breast of a catholic, than the day of the crucifixion.—Every means are employed to excite superstitious horror, and recal to the mind the memory of that darkness which enveloped the face of the earth. All that breathes the air of dissipation must be entirely banished, and amusement so qualified by motive, and so chastised by austerity, as to receive the serious cast of religious exercise. To-morrow is, I understand

understand, the concluding day of this severe penance: consolation will then be administered to the consciences of the devotees, who will emerge, fully acquitted of all past guilt, and at liberty to commence a fresh account. The streets, parade, and promenades will resume their brilliancy: at present they exhibit a striking picture of spiritual indolence. Superstition has long since consecrated this week to purposes which are deemed incompatible with secular occupation. The days being too sacred for labour, and too long for devotion, a great part of time is yawned away in listless *ennui*.

The consecration of days* is a custom of barbarous origin; and the pious enthusiasm of the first Christians gave it the sanction of their own observance. The church of England, which has had the merit of restoring to society the days and weeks hallowed by bigotry, still retains some few, which she refuses to secularize, and which serve, like the ancient hangings in a modernized mansion, to mark the date of the edifice, and perpetuate the taste of those who undertook its reform. It is plain, the contrast between priest and people in those regions of superstition, is very much in favour of the former, though equally to the satisfaction of each.—The latter surrender, without reluctance, the fruits of their labour to the use of the former, who only engage for an undefined retribution—a bright reversion in the sky—at some future and distant period.

* This is only to be understood in reference to days consecrated to particular persons.

Remarkable Instance of *LONGEVITY* and *FECUNDITY* in old age.

In the Warsaw Gazette, of April 13, 1763, the following paragraph was inserted:—"One Margaret Krasowna died lately in the village of Konins, aged 108, being born February 12, 1655. At the age of 94 she married for her third husband Gaspard Raykou, of the village of Ciwoufzin, then aged 105. During the fourteen years they lived together they had two boys and one girl; and, what is very remarkable, these three children bear evident marks of the old age of their father and mother. Their hair is already gray, and they have a vacuity in their gums, like that which appears after the loss of teeth, though they never had any teeth. They have not strength enough to live on solid food, but live on bread and vegetables. They are of a proper size for their ages, but their backs are bent, their complexions are fallow, and they have all the other marks of decrepitude. Their father is still alive. These particulars are certified by the parish registers. The village of Ciwoufzin is in the district of Stenzick, in the palatinate Sendomir."

A Pleasant Mistake.

AN auctioneer, after having expatiated one day, with more energy than eloquence, upon the beauty of a fine bay mare before him, closed his flowery panegyric by saying, "King William would have given his kingdom for such a horse."

A friend of his standing at his elbow, blushing for his blunder, immediately whispered in his ear, "King Richard."

P O E T R Y.

ORIGINAL.

The following lines were written in consequence of a gentleman having offended a young lady, to whom he was partial, the evening before her departure to the country on a lengthy stay:

COME, gentle Muse, and ease the lover's heart,
His tortur'd feelings to the maid impart;
Let harmony with ev'ry strain combine,
Soft melody with each idea join,
And move her heart to pity and to love;
Let judgment slacken and let fancy rove:
Perhaps some new uncommon strain may chance
To bless your labours and my cause advance;
Some sympathetic note unite with love,
To ease my pain—my sorrows to remove:
Blest be the thought—successful be th'attempt,
The contests noble happy be th'event.

O mourn with me her absence and her frowns;
Bid ye ambitious sons contest her crowns,
And kings and conquerors for empire fight,
Give misers riches, and the blind their fight:
One only prayer be mine, and I'm content,
Let Mary soften and her heart relent;
Let her but smile, and it will end my woes,
My sorrows banish, and my heart compose.

In ev'ry line, soft feeling interweave,
Yet of its choicest gifts thy store bereave,
And dedicate them at the throne of love,
Where oft has kneel'd supreme imperial
love,
Oft adoration paid at beauty's shrine,
Resign'd his crown and hail'd the maid divine.

Th'effusions of the lover's soul display,
Speak like a lover, like a lover pray,
Bring ev'ry tender feeling to thy aid,
And agitate them in the lovely maid;
Make gentle pity brighten in her eye,

And turn her thoughts on pardon and on me,
Cause but one tender thought on me incline,
Speak to her heart and make it beat with mine.

Who would not sing when mov'd by such a theme?
What breast not vibrate with a poet's flame?
Hear, love-sick swains! th'immortal Gods approve;
Sound all ye vallies, echo ev'ry grove,
To waft the lover's melancholy tale,
His sighs yet live with echo in the vale;
Quick palpitation hangs upon his heart,
His soul is sick'ning, and his sighs impart
His griefs and sorrows to the passing wind:
Thou, gentle breeze, imprest them on her mind;
And if the maiden should her pillow press,
Then, gentle zephyr, to her dreams address,
Tell her soft slumber's of the pain he bears,
His griefs, anxieties, corroding cares.

When night's dull shades have wrapt the world in sleep,
And vestal maids, forgetting watch to keep,
Sink on the downy pillow and repose,
Still Colin, not so blest, must count his woes;
Still fan a flame as pure as vestal fire,
Still sighing, mourn the lovely maiden's ire.
The sun declining taught his eyes to close,
But Mary's image, e'er he sunk, arose:
What though the Moon refuse to shew her light,
Yet in her person stands a star as bright:
Still sleep, as unrelenting as the maid,
Withdraws its soothing mantle from his aid.

But should the god a transient slumber lend,
Should Somnus only nod, the fiends attend,
The frightful monsters of the Morphean realms,

And

And fable spectres torture him in dreams;
 Grim Pluto's regions, ne'er a scene more
 drear,
 Presented to excite the sinner's fear.
 He wakes—and contemplates on her he
 loves;
 But all her beauties heighten all his woes,
 In ev'ry accent is distraction's found,
 In ev'ry feeling of his heart, a wound.

But, Muse, should all your efforts nought
 avail,
 Should Mary be unmov'd, and fate entail
 On me, the dolorous decree to bear,
 Assist and aid me in my sad despair;
 Paint all her beauties, each attractive grace
 That's in her person, and her mind's em-
 brace;
 Let perfect nature in the picture live,
 Join all that genius and your art can give;
 Blazon each feature, perfect be the piece,
 Be it like Mary, and it perfect is:
 Touch ev'ry shade again, retouch it still,
 Unite your efforts, summon all your skill,
 Then call the lover's blindness to your aid,
 He'll seize the picture and embrace the
 shade,
 Live on th' idea, and enjoy his love,
 Sink on her breast, and be as blest as Jove.

But, 'twere indeed a phantom, e'er he
 feels
 The blessings that the lover's phrenzy yields:
 Mary, like Sol, will wide extend her light,
 And drive the healing phantom from his
 sight.

Take then, my Muse, a softly soothing
 verse;
 And all the pleasures of my love rehearse;
 Withdraw those painful scenes which cause
 my woe,
 And give me feelings such as lovers know,
 Who in their maiden's hearts the flame in-
 spire,
 And find in either breast the glowing ire.

Return, ye hours, when Mary smil'd on
 me!
 Ye gentle moments haste to let me see
 Those sparkling orbs which early fix'd my
 heart,
 And feel those pleasures which they us'd
 to impart;
 That eye which in its orbit gently mov'd,
 And made the daring Colin feel he lov'd—
 Daring, I say, to gaze on its bright beam,
 But nothing further than a friend's esteem;

Still, in his mind, he thought his heart his
 own,
 He gaz'd again—a sigh replied, 'twas flown.

Yet this was well, from nought resulted
 pain,
 She ev'ry tender glance return'd again:
 Yes—Mary, once, with pleasure, seem'd
 to view,
 The hapless Colin, when his eye would woo:
 And when a fault ring accent tingled love,
 It taught each feeling of her heart to move;
 She smil'd—she blush'd—once sigh'd—a
 look, withdrew;
 Then seem'd to say, 'tis 'twixt the gods and
 you.

Now fancy sees the maidens lilly hand,
 How fair! on Colin's faithful bosom lean'd;
 Then, wand'ring o'er his face, his blushes
 raise,
 Then clasp'd in his, and press'd in sweet
 embrace;
 Through ev'ry fluid send a gentle heat,
 And thrilling pleasures to the heart's retreat;
 'Twas so, and nought does fancy see but
 truth,
 Nought but the pleasures which then blest
 the youth.

Yet Fancy fly me not, but bring to view
 Some other pleasure which the lover knew;
 That loving kiss he stole from Mary's cheek,
 'Twill ease and comfort to his sorrows
 speak;
 That glowing blush which comely shed its
 ray,
 More bright than those of Iris or the day,
 And perch'd a blooming rose on beauty's
 spray.

Ye feeling souls, who for th'unhappy
 sigh,
 Yet listen while another strain I try,
 To meet the maiden's soul; her wrath
 avert,
 And make my flame to touch her gentle
 heart;
 My pains yet live, nor is my mind at ease,
 My heart still aches, nor do my sorrows
 cease.

Yet muse another effort make: O hail
 Parnassian aid, and with the mount prevail
 To waft its inspiration to your store,
 And Grecian verse to Carolina's shore;
 To give a Helen's beauty Helen's flame,
 Yet stay—Oh painful thought, if she should
 name

Some

Some other Paris, destin'd to these joys,
Then Colin's sun will set, no more to rise ;
Set in the gloomy night of sad'ning care,
And leave in triumph, sorrow and despair.

O Cupid ! sovereign of the realms of love,
Alike of mortals and the Gods above
Who hold dominion o'er the sons of men,
And bow beneath thy yoke th'Olympian train ;

Let justice be proportioned to thy power,
And make thy mercy o'er thy greatness soar ;

Touch with the heav'nly fire another dart,
And wing it to the lovely maidens heart :
Thou art the source and author of my pain,

'Tis justice, mercy, aim thy dart again ;
And touch with love the angel's tender breast,

In soft and silent slumbers now at rest ;
But be the wound inflicted tenderly,
And point an Esculapius in me.

Yes, gently strike, nor wake her from repose,

O sleep ! sweet balm of grief, he only knows

Thy grateful bounty, who, with care oppress'd,

Remains a sad and unattended guest ;
Thy hall admits him, but thy genius flies,
And contemplation doubles all his sighs :
And now ambition calls in vain thy aid,
And love removes alike from me thy shade.

Then lovely maiden, let thy anger cool,
Some softer passion o'er thy actions rule ;
Sweet mercy animate thy generous mind,
'Twill teach thee to forgive and to be kind ;
And gratitude thy gentle bosom move,
'Twill surely draw thee to the swain whose love,

Whose passion burns with more than human ire,

For from an angel sprung its heavenly fire ;
And harsh repentment banish from thy breast,

For that is heaven where there should not rest,

One stormy passion or a troubled wave,
Nor lewd idea in its mansion live,
To give expression to an angry frown,
Or soil the blush of sweetness e'er 'tis blown ;
Requite to faithful love severest pain,
And rend from happiness and thee, thy swain ;

* This was written at 11 o'clock at night.

From thee, I'd say, nor happiness indite,
For all that it contains in thee unite ;
All else the Gods can give or nature lend,
All else the fates can grant or heaven send,
Would be but aggravation to my pain,
Darts to my soul, and phrenzy to my brain :

If thou art destin'd to another's arms,
If other fate attends upon thy charms ;
If I am not more blest than all mankind,
The fates are cruel and the Gods unkind.

You hold the reigns of fate and Colin's doom,

Life in a smile, and in a frown a tomb :
Smile then sweet maiden and redeem his life,

And end, by mutual love, my painful strife

To truth, to love, and constancy resign,
That heart so long th'attractive point to mine.

If e'er an action, e'er a word convey'd,
Aught but profound respect and love, sweet maid,

Thy hapless Colin vows 'twas never meant,
'Twas not his feelings or his minds intent ;
Nor did his will in aught offence dictate,
It was the blind decree of love and fate.

Methinks I see her listen to my tale,
My sorrows move her, and my prayer prevail ;

O hope divine ! I'll fondly live on thee,
And, silent, wait her's and the fate's decree.

E R A T O.

Our city friends, particularly the fair and juvenile part of our readers, will please to excuse the small portion of entertaining matter in our miscellaneous and poetical departments, for this week ; as for the information of our country subscribers, we found it necessary to appropriate the remainder of the present number to important foreign and domestic intelligence.

FOREIGN

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

London, November 6.

OFFICIAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Letter from major-general Craig, commander of the British forces at the Cape of Good Hope, to Mr. Dundas, dated Camp on the shore of Saldanha Bay, August 19, 1796.

SIR,

I have great satisfaction in reporting to you the event of an attempt which has been made by the enemy, and which has terminated to the honor of his majesty's arms, in the entire capture of the squadron of Dutch ships of war, destined for the purpose of retaking this settlement. Having made every arrangement within my means, by the establishment of a small post, and the laying the road by a sufficient number of the few men which I had been able to mount, for watching Saldanha bay, I received a report on the 3d instant, transmitted in 14 hours, that nine ships had appeared off that coast on the preceding afternoon, which I immediately communicated to Vice-Admiral Sir George Keith Elphinstone. By the same report there appeared to be the strongest probability that his majesty's brig the Hope had been captured by them; and as there was no further account of them the next day, I concluded that the information which they had received, by that means, of our strength here, had induced them to continue their rout, and that they would stand far to the westward before they doubled the Cape, to avoid Sir George's fleet

which had put to sea as soon as was possible after the receipt of the intelligence. In order, however, to omit no precaution, I sent up Lieutenant M'Nab, with a few mounted men, to watch the bay more narrowly; and from him I received a report, on Saturday night the 6th instant, at twelve o'clock, that the same number of ships which had formerly been reported, had anchored that morning in the bay, and that there was no doubt of their being enemies. I lost not a moment in sending directions to Simon's Town, from whence, by the general willingness and activity which prevailed amongst all ranks, five vessels were dispatched by nine o'clock in quest of the Admiral, with the information. As it fortunately happened that the 25th and 27th Light Dragoons, with part of the 19th and the whole of the 33d regiments, were in Simon's Bay, I could be under no apprehension for the safety of the colony from any force which could be landed from nine ships of war. It became, however, an object of infinite importance to the welfare of the settlement to prevent any body of the enemy from throwing themselves into the country. At the same time the security of the Cape town became an object of particular attention, both from the reasonable expectation, that the enemy would not have come with such a force without a prospect of a junction with some other armament, and from the possibility of the admiral being prevented from doubling the Cape by the north westerly winds which usually prevail at this season, and which

which would carry the enemy in six hours from Saldanha to Table Bay. It was therefore with particular satisfaction that I found myself possessed of a force adequate to both these objects. No time was lost in making the necessary arrangements, in a country totally unused to a movement of this nature. The troops began their march on Sunday morning, necessarily by divisions, on account of subsistence. The Burgher senate was assembled, to whom I exposed my intentions, to which they expressed the most ready compliance. Waggon were every where demanded by them, and furnished with cheerfulness. Cavalry was necessary, but the appointments of the 28th were on board a ship which had failed in quest of the admiral. Those of the 25th were also on board a ship in Simon's Bay, and we had not above fifty horses. The appointments were brought up, and I did not scruple, on such an occasion, to require all saddle-horses without exception to be brought in, which were valued by two members of the court of justice, and two officers of the 28th dragoons, and paid for on the spot to the entire satisfaction of the owners. By these means, sir, leaving major-general Doyle in the command of the troops at and about Cape Town, amounting to near 4,000 men, and brigadier-general Campbell in the immediate command of the town, I, on the morning of the 10th instant, reached Saldanha Bay, at the head of the advanced guard, consisting of the light infantry, a body of Hottentots, and 50 of the 25th light

dragoons, assisted by brigadier-general M'Kenzie, the remainder of whose corps, consisting of the grenadiers, the 78 and 80th battalions, 50 more of the 25th, and 100 of the 28th light dragoons, in all about 2,500 men, with two howitzers and nine field-pieces, arrived there also in an hour after. In the mean time, the admiral had returned to False Bay, and on their receiving the first accounts of the enemy being in Saldanha bay, had put to sea again with the utmost expedition; and we had the satisfaction, from the heights from whence we descended to the shores of the bay, to see him, with all his sails crowded, advancing with a fair wind directly to the mouth of the harbour, though still at some distance. One of the enemy's frigates, which lay near the shore to cover their watering, cannonaded us very briskly as we descended the heights, though without effect, and we returned their fire with as little, having at that time only three pounders with us; but a howitzer being brought up, a few shells were thrown with great precision by captain Robertson, who would probably soon have destroyed her; but perceiving that our fleet was then entering the bay, and that there was no possibility of her escaping, I desisted from firing, thinking it more for his majesty's interest that she should share the fate of the remainder of the squadron, the capture of which appeared to me to be inevitable, than that we should risk the destroying her, from a vain punctilio of obliging her to strike to us. We then employed our-

selves

selves in making the necessary dispositions for affording such assistance as might be in our power, in the event of the obstinancy of the enemy obliging the Admiral to attack them, as well as such as would be expedient in case they should run their ships on shore, neither of which, however, I thought probable. I was accordingly informed, by a letter from Sir George, the following morning, that the whole had surrendered themselves to him. The means by which this event has been accomplished, Sir, has not afforded any opportunity to his majesty's troops of displaying that bravery in his service, which I am confident they would have shewn, had the occasion presented itself; but if the utmost alacrity and cheerfulness, under almost every privation, except that of meat, during a march of 90 miles, through so barren a country that there exist but five houses in the whole line, have any merit, I can with truth present them to his majesty's notice. This march, Sir, has never yet I believe been attempted by any body of troops, however small, and, permit me to assure you, has been attended with such uncommon difficulties, that it never could have been accomplished but by the display of the qualities I have mentioned in the troops, and a union of extraordinary exertions in all the departments concerned. In these all have equal claim to my acknowledgments; but I cannot dispense with particularizing the intelligence and activity with which, regardless of the uncommon fatigue which attended it, Lieute-

nant M'Nab, of the 98th regiment, with about twenty of his mounted men, performed the service allotted to him of watching the enemy, and preventing any communication with them, from the first moment of their coming into the bay, till our arrival.

It is, sir, with very particular satisfaction, that I have further to report, that I have received, on this occasion, every possible assistance from his majesty's subjects of the colony. The Burgher senate have discharged the duty imposed upon them with the greatest readiness, impartiality, and activity, whilst their requisitions and orders on the inhabitants for their waggons, cattle and horses, have been complied with, with a cheerfulness, which could, I am satisfied, only proceed from a conviction of the preference to be given to his majesty's mild and paternal government over the wild system of anarchy and confusion, from which they were furnishing the means of being effectually defended. This will be delivered to you, sir, by my aid-de-camp, captain Baynes, who has been in this country since the first arrival of his majesty's troops under my command, and to whose intelligent and active assistance I have been, on every occasion, highly indebted. I beg leave, sir, most humbly to recommend him to his majesty's notice.

I have the honor to be, &c.

J. H. CRAIG.

Articles of Capitulation

Agreed upon in Saldanha Bay this 17th of August, 1796, between his excellency rear-admi-

ral

ral Engelbertus Lucas, commander in chief of the squadron of ships of the United States now lying in Saldanha Bay, & the honorable sir George Keith Elphinstone, knight of the most honorable and military order of the Bath, vice-admiral of the blue, and commander in chief of his Britannic majesty's ships and vessels in the Indian Seas, at the Cape of Good Hope, and of those now lying in Saldanha Bay.

Article I. Rear-admiral Lucas will deliver up to vice-admiral Elphinstone the squadron under his command, upon the conditions of the capitulation underwritten. Answer.—The vice-admiral is actuated by principles of humanity to prevent the effusion of human blood, and considers the surrender of the Dutch squadron as a matter of necessity and not of choice.

Article II. The British admiral shall appoint two ships as cartels, the frigates Braave and Sirene, in which the rear-admiral, his officers and midshipmen, and ship's crews, shall be permitted to proceed, without hindrance, to Holland, and the officers shall keep their side arms. Answer.—Inadmissible, by reason that the cartel ships sent from Toulon and various other places, under similar circumstances, have been detained, and their crews imprisoned, contrary to the laws and usage of war, and the general good faith of nations; but officers becoming prisoners shall be allowed to keep and wear their swords and side arms, so long as they behave with becoming propriety,

D d

and shall be treated with the respect due to their ranks.

Article III. The Dutch admiral, his officers and crew, shall retain their private property without being searched, and the remainder of the crew who cannot be received on board the frigates are to be sent to Holland in such manner as the British admiral shall judge proper. Answer.—Private property of every kind will be secured to the proprietors to the fullest extent, in consequence of British acts of parliament and his Britannic majesty's positive orders, as well as from the general known disposition of British officers to treat with the utmost liberality, those who become their prisoners.

Article IV. They shall be provided with such quantities of provisions as may be necessary for those who embark on board the two frigates, and to be so provided from the Dutch ships. Answer.—Answered by the sixth article.

Article V. These cartel ships, on their arrival in Holland, shall be sent to England, and there delivered to his Britannic majesty. Answer.—Already answered by the second article.

Article VI. The crews shall be permitted to go on shore for refreshment after their long voyage. Answer.—This must depend upon the major-general commanding the troops on shore, but the commander in chief will use his utmost exertions to render the situation of every individual as comfortable as possible as to victualling, lodging, and every accommodation, either on board or on shore, as can be procured

procured or reasonably expected; and he will dispose of such as become prisoners as similarly to their inclinations as his duty to his sovereign and the interest of his country will admit. The sick shall be received into his majesty's hospitals, and taken care of equally with the British sick. It is furthermore the commander in chief's duty and inclination to send such to Europe as become prisoners, by the most speedy and convenient conveyances.

Article VII. The national flags of Batavia shall continue to be displayed on the Dutch ships so long as their crews remain on board. Answer.—The Batavian colours must be struck so soon as the ships are taken possession of by his Britannic majesty's officers.

(L. S.) G. K. ELPHINSTONE.

ENGELBERTUS LUCAS.

JOHN JACKSON, secretary to the British commander in chief.

CLEMENS BENEDICTUS, secretary to the commander in chief of the Dutch squadron.

November 21.

Admiralty-office, Nov. 21, 1796.

Copy of a letter from capt. Bowen, of his majesty's ship Terpsichore, to Evan Nepean, esq. dated at Gibraltar, the 23d of October, 1796.

Judging it to be proper that my lords commissioners of the admiralty should be acquainted, as soon as possible, with the capture of a Spanish frigate, by his majesty's ship under my command, I herewith enclose you a copy of my letter to the commander in chief, giving an account of the action, and I request you will be pleased to lay the same before their lordships.

Extract of a letter from capt. Bowen, of his majesty's ship Terpsichore, to admiral sir John Jervis, K. B. commander in chief of his majesty's Ships and Vessels in the Mediterranean, dated at Gibraltar, the 23d of October, 1796.

On the morning of the 13th inst. at day light, we discovered a frigate to windward standing towards us. About eight, I could perceive her making every preparation for battle, and was then apparently in chase of us. Our situation altogether was such, as to prevent my being over desirous of engaging her. Out of our small compliment of men, we had left thirty at the hospital, and we had more than that number still on board in our sick and convalescent lists, all of whom were either dangerously ill, or extremely weak. We were scarcely out of sight of the spot where we knew the Spanish fleet to have been cruising only two days before; and, in fact, we had stood on to look for them, with a view of ascertaining their movements. A small Spanish vessel which we conjectured to be a sort of tender, was passing us, steering towards Carthagena, so that I could hardly flatter myself with being able to bring the frigate off in the event of a victory, or of even escaping myself, if disabled. On the other hand, it evidently appeared that nothing but a flight and superior sailing could enable me to avoid an action: and to do that from a frigate apparently not much superior to us, except in point of bulk, would have been committing the character of one of his majesty's ships more than I could bring myself to resolve on. I therefore continued standing on without any alteration of course.

Having, with infinite satisfaction and comfort to myself, commanded the Terpsichore's crew for two years and

and a half, through a pretty considerable variety of services, I well knew the veteran stuff which I had still left in health to depend upon, for upholding the character of British seamen; and I felt my mind at ease as to the termination of any action with the frigate in sight only.

At half past nine she came within hail, and hauled her wind on our weather boom: and as I conceived she only waited to place herself to advantage, and to point her guns with exactness, and being myself unwilling to lose the position we were then in, I ordered one gun to be fired, as a trier of her intention. It was so instantaneously returned, and followed up by her whole broad-side, that I am confident they must have done it at the sight of our flash.—The action of course went on, and we soon discovered that her people would not, or could not, resist our fire. At the end of about an hour and forty minutes during which time we had twice wore, and employed about twenty of the last minutes in chase, she surrendered.—At this period she appeared almost entirely disabled, and we had drawn up close along side, with every gun well charged and well pointed. It was, nevertheless, with considerable difficulty that I prevailed on the Spanish commander to decline the receiving of such a broad-side by submitting: and from every thing which I have since learned, the personal courage, conduct, and zeal of that officer, whose name is Don Thomas Ayalde, was such during the action, notwithstanding the event of it, as reflects on him the greatest honor, and irresistibly impresses on my mind the highest admiration of his character. After (from the effect of our fire) all his booms had tumbled down, and rendered his guns unserviceable, all the standing rigging of his lower masts shot

away, and I believe nearly every running rope cut through, and a great number of his people killed and wounded, he still persevered (though he could rally but few of his men) to defend his ship, almost longer than defence was justifiable. Had there been the smallest motion in the sea, every mast must inevitably have gone by the board.

Our loss (which will appear by the inclosed list) has been less than could have been expected; but our masts, sails, and rigging were found to be pretty much cut up.

The spirited exertions of every officer, man, and boy, belonging to the ship I command, as well in the action as in the securing two disabled ships, and bringing them instantly off from a critical situation, by taking the prize in tow, and by their incessant labour ever since, will, I trust, when their small number is considered, place them in a light superior to any praise which I could bestow. I am even unwilling to speak of the particular conduct of any of the Officers, but the talents displayed by the first lieutenant (Devonshire) who was but just out of our sick list, during the action, added to his uncommon fatigue in taking care of the prize, and the very able manner in which he conducted and prepared to defend her, entitles him to this distinction, and proves him highly deserving of the recommendation you gave him, with his appointment in the West-Indies. And although I had rather any other person should observe the conduct of a brother of mine in action, and speak of it afterwards, yet I feel it to be my duty, as captain of the ship, to state, that I thought Mr. Bowen's (the second lieutenant) conduct was particularly animating to the ship's company, and useful, from the great number of guns which he saw well pointed

in the course of the action: added to which, from the absence of the first Lientenant on board the prize, the labouring oar of this ship has fallen on him; and, in my mind, the task we have had since the action, has been infinitely more arduous than that of the action itself.

The name of the prize is the Mahonesa, carrying on the main deck twenty-six Spanish twelves (weighing eighteen ounces more than ours) eight Spanish sixes on the quarter deck, and a number of brass co-horns, swivels, &c. had on board two hundred and seventy-five men, besides six pilots, qualified for the Mediterranean as high as Leghorn, and to be put on board admiral Langara's fleet, which she had been sent from Carthagea to look for. She was built in 1789 at Mahon, is of very large dimensions, measuring eleven hundred and fourteen tons and a half Spanish, was before the action, in complete good condition, and is considered by the Spanish officers the fastest sailer, one of the best constructed, and, what they attach considerable importance to, the handsomest frigate in their Navy.

Both the frigates have this moment anchored in safety.

I am, &c.

R. BOWEN.

An account of the killed and wounded in the action between his majesty's ship Terpsichore, and the Spanish frigate Mahonesa, on the 13th of October, 1796.

Terpsichore mounts thirty-two twelve and six pounders—complement of men, two hundred and fifteen.

Killed—None.

Wounded—Mr. Richard Hobbs (acting boatswain) slightly in the foot—John Roberts (quarter-master) lost his left thigh—and two seamen.

The Mahonesa, by the best accounts I have been able to collect, had about thirty killed or died of their wounds the day of the action, and about the same number wounded, several of whom are since dead.

Extract of a letter from vice-admiral Kingsmill, commander in chief of his majesty's ships and vessels at Cork, to Evan Nepean, esq. dated on board his majesty's ship L'Engageante, in Cork Harbour, Nov. 14, 1796.

His majesty's ships Polyphemus and Cerberus arrived here yesterday afternoon, the former not having seen any thing worth noticing, and the latter having, as intimated in my last, captured L'Hirondelle (late Sans-Culotte) cutter privateer, of ten guns and sixty men, and chased the Franklin brig privateer into the squadron under sir John Warren, who made a prize of her. These privateers, with the other three taken by the Santa Margarita and Dryad, formed a small squadron which had been fitted out and sailed together from Brest to scour the entrance of the English channel, but have thus happily been secured by our cruizers. Captain Drew has besides, recaptured the Jackson Junior, Jamaica home-bound ship, and the Friendship, Blake, from the Cape-of-Good-Hope. The first is come hither, and the latter supposed gone to Plymouth.

P. S. Inclosed is captain Drew's letter to me, with an account of his prizes.

Cerberus, Cork Harbour, November 13, 1796.

SIR,

I have to inform you, on the 1st instant, in company with his majesty's ships Diana and Magnanime, lat. 49. 5. N. long. 8. 36. W. I gave chase to a sail in the S. W. & continued chasing till next morning, when she was captured by sir

John

John Warren's squadron, and proved to be the Franklin, a French privateer brig carrying twelve nine-pounders and eighty men. On the 4th I retook the ship Friendship, from the Cape-of-Good-Hope; the 5th took the L' Hirondelle, a French cutter privateer, carrying ten six-pounders and fifty-three men, but had thrown six of her guns overboard in the chase; and on the 6th retook the Jackson Junior, from Jamaica.

I have the honour to be, &c.

JOHN DREW.

Vice-Admiral Kingmill, &c.

P A R I S.

ARMY of the RHINE & MOSELLE.

The General in Chief to the Executive Directory.

Head-quarters at Schiliken,
2 Frimaire (Nov. 12.)

"Citizens Directors,

"The garrison of Kehl made this morning a vigorous sortie to reconnoitre the line of circumvallation of the enemy.

"General Defaix was charged with the attack of the right; general Decaen was in the centre, and general Sice on the left.

"The whole line of the enemy was forced, without a shot being fired, and with the greatest bravery. The enemy abandoned all their artillery, which was instantly spiked. Could we have anticipated a success so complete; and had had artillery horses ready we might at least have taken twenty pieces of cannon. With the horses which we could spare from our own we could only carry off ten pieces.

"We made six or seven hundred prisoners, amongst whom are thirty officers, including a colonel and a major. Such was the result of this sally.

"As soon as it was thought that the enemy's corps de reserve was ready to attack us, general Defaix caused the troops to return to their entrenchments. To wish to maintain ourselves in those of the enemy, was a military operation which was not amongst our projects.

"This battle was one of the most violent of the war, and must have occasioned a considerable loss to the enemy. They cannot deny that the advantage was entirely ours.

"The 10th, the 106th, and 84th half brigades, performed prodigies of valour. I found it impossible to collect all the particular traits of courage. Many individuals signalized themselves. I promised to appoint, provisionally to the rank of second lieutenant, a serjeant of the 106th, who gave proofs of very uncommon intrepidity. The general officers, who directed this attack, deserve the highest commendation.

"General Defaix had his horse killed under him, and was slightly wounded. General Lacourbe had his horse wounded in two places.

"The subaltern officers have equally distinguished themselves. The chiefs of brigade, Terin and Quetard, of the 106th, and the 84th, were wounded. The chief of battalion, Messire, of the 10th of the line, was the first to mount the trenches.

"The

"The good conduct of the troops upon this occasion ought to persuade the enemy, that, if he is decided to attack Kehl, he will not carry it so easily as his information may have led him to believe.

"MOREAU."

Private letters announce, that gen. Moreau was slightly wounded in the head by a ball, and that one of his aid-de-camps had the lower part of his leg carried away.

Speech of the present king of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus, delivered from the throne on the 1st Nov. and addressed to his royal highness the late duke regent.

"The day is come, on which, pursuant to the last will of my late father, I am to declare myself of age to govern the Swedish people. On my entering this day, in the name of the Lord, on the administration of my kingdom, by requesting your highness to resign me that government which you have hitherto held, I feel my heart deeply affected by the most lively feelings, penetrated with veneration and gratitude towards that Providence who has chosen me to govern a free and independent people, and with love for a nation, at all times distinguished for its loyalty and valour, and impressed with the importance and extent of the duties I have to fulfil. On this occasion, so important for me, and for us all, the recollection of the severe loss we have sustained naturally revives in our mind; I having lost a kind parent, and the country a revered and beloved king. The gratitude and homage we owe him, can never be forgotten by a true Swede; but on this occasion, our regret is more keenly felt. To be this day the interpreter of the

sentiments which I share with my subjects, is for me a flattering lot; and if my expressions are but weak, let it be recollected, that such a king as we have unfortunately lost, needs no other eulogiums, no other pledges of grief, but those which are imprinted on loyal and grateful minds. As his son I bring to his memory the offering of the most heartfelt gratitude for his tender care for my well-being, which he extended even beyond his grave, by consigning to you, dear uncle, the administration of this kingdom during my minority. Your highness supplied his place both for myself and the country. I am by no means ignorant of the pain and vigilance which you have shewn; and my gratitude shall never cease.— Though your own conscience offers you the best reward; yet I know that it affords you the utmost satisfaction to see me, whose youth was entrusted to your care, assume the sceptre in a worthy manner. Relying on the support of the Almighty, I feel happy in being able to declare before you, my lords, dukes, and before you Swedes and dear subjects, assembled here, on entering on my functions, that it is my earnest wish to conduct the administration to the well-being and happiness of us all. My principal aim shall be this, to follow the course of law and justice, that every Swede may enjoy in peace the fruit of his labour; to protect the kingdom and its independence; to increase the stock of general and individual happiness; to husband the resources of the state with the utmost care; and thus to attain the choicest blessings of a king, to be surrounded with happy subjects.

"Yet young and inexperienced, I hope much from the councils to which I shall resort; but especially from the love of my subjects, who will

will strive to fulfil their duty to their king, as he shall endeavour to perform his duty towards them. By such sentiments and such a conduct the Swedish people has always distinguished itself; and my motto is, *God and the people*. These words shall remind me of my duty, of my responsibility, and of the support on which I rely. I am convinced that my subjects will never degenerate from their ancestors, who feared God and loved their king; and they may rest assured, that their love shall always form my proudest glory and my best reward."

Foreign Intelligence.

Ratisbon, November 9.

Private letters from Vienna assure us that the proposals of peace which have been brought by the French couriers are of a nature not to be accepted.

One of the principal conditions is, that the house of Austria shall *break off its alliance with England*. His majesty is said to have replied, that he could not enter upon any negotiation without the participation of his ally the king of England, but that he would willingly negotiate in concert with the latter. In the mean time couriers have been dispatched to the cabinets of London, Naples, and Petersburg, in order to communicate to them the proposals for peace made to the court of Vienna. The French couriers are still at Vienna, where they are treated with the greatest respect; it is believed that their departure depends upon the manner in

which the proposals of Lord Malmesbury shall be received at Paris.

Neuvied, November 11.

The hope of an approaching armistice, of which the public papers have been speaking for some time, continues. We can assure our readers, in the most positive manner, that the Austrian and French generals have been occupied, since the 1st, in arranging an armistice, which would have been signed before now, if the Austrians had not required that the French would evacuate the *tete-de-pont* of Neuvied; but this demand was rejected on the part of the latter in a conference which general Kleber had on the 6th with the Austrian general Kray: notwithstanding this difficulty, the negotiations were continued, and the *ultimatum* of the French, upon this subject was brought yesterday by general Bernadotte to general Kray, who sent it by a courier to the archduke. That prince's reply will decide, whether hostilities shall be continued, or whether the troops on both sides shall go into winter quarters.

Mannheim, November 11.

A French trumpeter has been sent to general Hotze with dispatches relative to an armistice.—We are assured that the armistice will be accepted by the Austrians, if the French will consent to retire behind the Queich. The prince de Ligne has been sent on the same subject to the archduke from general Warneck, to whom the French have also proposed an armistice.

armistice. There passed through this city to-day a courier from general Warneck to the archduke. Every thing is tranquil in our environs. The news from Italy states, that the Austrians entered Trent on the 4th.

We have just received the intelligence that the bombardment of Kehl is to commence to-morrow; the numerous redoubts erected round that place were on the point of being completed. It is not to be doubted that this enterprise will cost many men, for the archduke is resolved to carry the fort at any price.

Layden, November 14.

The sketch of a new constitution for the Batavian republic having been read successively in the sittings of the national assembly, the 14th, 15th, and 16th instant, Deputy Van de Kastele, one of the commission of twenty-one, appointed to digest the plan; made a very long speech in the sitting of the 17th, to convince the assembly that at it was not founded on the basis of unity, it could not be taken into consideration. Since that sitting the discussion has been continued on the question "Ought the plan to be rejected altogether, or taken into consideration for the purpose of amendment? Several members were of opinion that it ought.

Deputy Van de Kastele, one of the commissioners, endeavoured to repel the most weighty of the objections urged against the plan: and some contended that it was too defective in its provisions even to submit it to the discussion of the assembly. The public are

extremely anxious to know the result of a question of such general importance.

Cologne, November 16.

The left wing of the Sambre and Meuse army has made a movement: a part of general Lefevre's division has repassed the Rhine and proceeded to the mountains. It is supposed that the general in chief intends to keep a strong force in the second line upon the centre of his army, in order to make movements to the left, right, or centre, in case of necessity.

The left wing is encamped with its centre to the *tete de pont* of Neuwied, the right wing extends from Bingen to Keyferlautern; so that the French army preserves the left wing of the Rhine entire from Dusseldorf to Mentz.

Bulletin of the armies of the North and the Sambre and Meuse.

Our military positions are good—the head quarters of Bourbonville are at Coblenz—the great park of artillery is on its way thither—there has been a truce for three days; it expired two days ago, without our knowing why it took place. Some persons say that a new armistice is negotiating. If the weather did not make the road impassable there would have been some warm actions. The German gazettes represent our armies as unable to act, and that of the Austrians to be very formidable. Do not give credit to these assertions: the accounts which we receive here inform us, on the contrary, that the

the Austrians are in want of every thing and much fatigued; we are in a very respectable state of defence and even of offence.

Hague, November 18.

In yesterday's sitting the plan of the new constitution was presented to the national assembly, and warmly debated. Van de Casteel spoke with energy against it, as not being founded upon the unity particularly; his speech lasted two hours and a half, and made the deepest impression.—Witbols spoke after him on the same side. The discussion was adjourned to this day.

Paris, November 24.

The Spanish ambassador has denounced to the minister for foreign affairs, a libel printed at Bayonne, and distributed throughout Spain inviting the Spaniards to rise against their government.

November 26.

Letters from Milan announce, that general Buonaparte has authorised the general administration of Lombardy to govern by itself, without depending on French agents or commissioners. Had this measure been adopted sooner, it would have been attended with the greatest benefit to the French army, and would have put an effectual stop to many disorders.

On the 14th two persons were guillotined on the place de Greve, viz. M. de Cussy, an emigrant, formerly ambassador from the court of Versailles to Bavaria; and a Russian, who had murdered his brother-in-law. The eme-

E c

grant was much pitied, as he had never borne arms against his country.

November 27.

The Pope is a very warlike genius. He continues his military preparations, at the risk of being crushed by our army in Italy. He talks of putting himself at the head of his foldiers like Julius II. But since it is positively known at Rome, that the king of Naples has made peace with France, and ratified the treaty, his heroism has given way to fear. He declaims highly against the king of Naples, accusing him of treachery and perfidy; yet all the while dispositions are making to follow the prudent example he has given.

London, December 1.

The following is the plan proposed by Mr. Pitt, and adopted by the monied men, for raising the supplies:—

Every person subscribing 100*l.* to receive 112*l.* 10*s.* in five per cent. stock, to be irredeemable, unless with the consent of the holder, until the expiration of three years after the present five per cent. shall have been redeemed or reduced, with an option in the holder to be paid at par at any shorter period, not less than two years from the conclusion of the definitive treaty of peace.

Payment in either case to be made in money, or at the option of the holder, in three per cent. stock valued at 75, liable if wished, to be converted (for a certain proportion) into a life annuity.

The first payment in the middle of December or in January; the second in March; the remaining instalments between March & October following

following; the receipt not to be issuable till after the second instalment, or till 20l. has been deposited for each 100l. subscribed.

Discount on prompt payment.

We hear not a word of the brave Poles; and their country seems as much forgotten as if it were blotted from the map of Europe; and poor Kosciuszko is eking out the remnant of his miserable existence in the dreary dungeon of a despot, without any interference for his liberation.

—
December 2.

Intelligence was received this morning, that the America man of war is arrived at Crookhaven, with the homeward bound East-India fleet, consisting of twelve sail, under convoy.

Lord Malmesbury's precaution in sending couriers for instructions upon every point which occurs will at least secure his lordship from any responsibility, whatever should be the result of the negotiations. Indeed if the system of conducting the treaty by couriers be persevered in upon the present occasion, the office of ambassador will degenerate into a situation merely for the regular conveyance of dispatches.

The bankrupts of the present year already amount to near one thousand. A common observer would be apt to ascribe the number of failures to the distresses of the war; but according to the reasoning of Mr. Pitt, the embarrassments of individuals only furnish an additional proof of the high state of national prosperity.

A new invention in printing has lately been put in practice at Basil in Switzerland. It is a mode of printing maps of countries with types, in the usual manner of letterpress. The types consist of an infinite variety of forms, by which the turnings and windings of roads, rivers,

&c. are expressed with a very considerable degree of beauty and accuracy. It is clear that copper-plate must be superior to any invention of this sort; because in engraving, the hand is perfectly free: but still the reduction of price, and other considerations, make it probable that this new invention will be found very beneficial in extending the study of geography at a cheap rate—which is a great desideratum.

—
December 6.

We yesterday gave the details of the victory gained by the army of Italy over the Austrian general Alvinzi: that it was brilliant no one has affected to doubt; that the conduct of Buonaparte himself entitles him to the highest admiration no one can deny. He fought on foot and on horseback in the very heat and rage of the battle. His personal courage and his mental coolness, his activity and his energy, his readiness and fertility of resource, entitle him to rank, as a commander, next to Caesar. Yet the valour and discipline of the Austrians must not be forgotten—they have fought in a manner worthy of a better cause—they have sustained disasters and defeat with a constancy, which, heaven knows, has been frequently put to the proof; and it will, perhaps, excite the surprise of after-ages, that in such a contest as the present, they should have displayed an ardour only inferior to the enthusiasm of the enemy to whom they were opposed.

There are some who affect to doubt whether this last victory in Italy deserves the epithet of *decisive*. Before we allow much weight

weight to such a doubt, we must consider the quarter from which it proceeds; it proceeds from persons who never acknowledged the expulsion of the allied armies from Flanders and Holland, nor the retreat of Wurmser from Piedmont to Mantua, to be disasters; nor the possession of the Netherlands by the French, nor the victories of Buonaparte in Italy to be successes.

Mantua, it is probable, has been by this time, or will speedily be, surrendered to the French.

—
December 7.

The Batavian republic, notwithstanding their repeated losses abroad, are determined to prosecute the war with energy and obstinacy, as in the time of Philip the second of Spain—every man capable of bearing arms is put in a state of requisition.

It has been said that the pope lately entertained the idea of putting himself at the head of his troops, in order to assist in driving the French out of Italy. This warlike disposition has precedent in the conduct of several of his predecessors, and is justified by the example of many ecclesiastical characters. Such a resolution was likewise peculiarly suited to the present situation of his holiness. By experience he has found that the spiritual thunder is launched in vain, and that carnal weapons, though contemptible in his hands, are yet more formidable than the ancient armour in which his predecessors were once invincible, and those weapons which no temporal force could withstand.

Should the pope lose his tripple

crown in Italy, the stadtholder expects him at Hampton-court, where his holiness may repose under the roof of a palace built by the once celebrated cardinal Wolsey.

Parisian Fashions.—The novel and fantastic arrangement which follows, is literally taken from a French paper:—"Our modern *Aspasia*s have now discarded the vulgar use of *shoes* and *stockings*; they now wear nothing but a slight *sole*, attached with *ribbons* in the form of a *buskin*. Some of them, on their toes, actually wear *rings*. Rings! Yes, sir; if you do not believe me, go and visit the balls of Richlieu and Ventzel."—(*La Quotidienne*.)

THE NEGOCIATION.

A Scene from 'The Son-in-Law.'

(Charles Delacroix Solus.)

Oh, here comes Orator Mum.

Enter lord MUMSBURY,

Dela. (aside) Now shall I be puzzled with long discussions on the interests of the two nations, and plagued with settling the terms of peace. (To Mumsbury.) I think, sir, your name is Mumsbury.

Mum. Mum.

Dela. You have brought me letters from the numscull cabinet of the deluded nation.

Mum. Yes.

Dela. They write word that you are a very able negociator.

Mum. Aye.

Dela. And that your design in coming to Paris is to negotiate a treaty of peace.

Mum. Yes.

Dela.

Dela. Do you come to treat for the numscull cabinet alone?

Mum. No.

Dela. Then you wish to treat for all the allies together?

Mum. Yes.

Dela. Have you got letters of recommendation from them all?

Mum. No.

Dela. Can you procure letters from them all?

Mum. No.

Dela. And yet you expect we should treat with you for them?

Mum. Yes.

Dela. Then you won't make peace for England separately?

Mum. No.

Dela. You insist upon negotiating a peace for the emperor though he has given you no authority to do so?

Mum. Yes.

Dela. Do you know the terms on which the emperor will make peace?

Mum. No.

Dela. Do you know the terms on which England will make peace?

Mum. No.

Dela. No! What, you a minister plenipotentiary come here in compliance with the letter I sent, with full powers to negotiate and conclude a treaty, and yet do not know the terms on which you can conclude a peace? minister plenipotentiary, are you not?

Mum. Yes.

Dela. And yet you have no terms of peace to offer?

Mum. No.

Dela. Then you come here only to deliver the letters sent by the numscull cabinet?

Mum. Yes.

Dela. Are you a penny-postman?

Mum. No.

Dela. But you are to do the business of a letter carrier?

Mum. Yes.

Dela. But you cannot write a word yourself?

Mum. No.

Dela. The numscull cabinet write word that you are a very able negotiator.

Mum. Yes.

Dela. But I begin to have some doubts that your employers are trifling with me. I suspect their sincerity. I believe they mean to deceive me!

Mum. Oh, ho!

Dela. Oh, ho! Two syllables at once! You are the devil of a negotiator, sure enough. Here, go back with this letter to your employers; it is from Bounaparte, the dancing-master. He will teach them our country-dance.

Exeunt at different sides.

Domestic Occurrences.

Boston, January 23.

Extract of a letter from a respectable Mercantile house in Cadiz, to their Correspondent here, of September 28, 1796.

"Our late harvest of wheat, has proved very scanty, much less than last year and in consequence, I am of opinion, we shall require a good deal of foreign supplies this winter and next spring, when of course the price must rise in proportion to our wants. This event must also enhance the value of flour ere long. At present, American wheat would fetch here from 62 to 64 rs. per faneg,

faneg, on board, and flour from that quarter is selling in this bay at 18 to 19 current dollars per bbl. and but little on hand.

"Rice is become very scarce of late, and has been sold these few days past at the fine price of 9 1-2 to 10 dollars per quintal; but towards the end of the year, and lent time, I think it will be worth even more.

"Notwithstanding the many cargoes of staves arrived here within these few months back, the entire have been bought up at 140 to 160 dollars per long thousand on board, as in quality, for the pipes: the hogthead and barrel staves in proportion, even so high as 70 dollars have been paid for the latter, the exportation of our wine in quarter casks being very considerable, and said prices all likely to be supported, the demand being very great throughout the kingdom.

"Your white beans are worth here at present from 8 to 9 dollars per sack of 200lbs. on board, and the black eye'd from 4 to 5 dollars; but as we expect little or no supplies this year from Holland, the price will certainly rise as we approach lent, when the consumption of these *provision articles* and *rice* is greatest.

"As to Indian corn, I can't positively say how it may answer here, towards Christmas, when, it was formerly much demanded for the fattening of swine in this place, but these two years past we have had but very little at market.

"Bees wax of the fine yellow sort, is a choice article here, and meets a quick vent, at 70 to 71 dollars per quintal on shore.

"The war will put a total stop to our usual supplies of *cod fish* from Newfoundland which consequently would favour much the sale of New-England fish, at this market; it will also contribute to enhance the price

of wheat, flour, rice, &c. here; this event may also cause a demand for *salt beef* and *pork*, but these in general are most precarious articles here and seldom turn to advantage.

P. S. Our white Salt might now be had here for 6 dollars per last of two tons, put on board.

Holland proof brandy at 114 to 126 dollars per pipe.

Oil, proof, at 148 to 150 dollars per pipe.

PRICES CURRENT AT CADIZ.

Sept. 14 1796.

American Produce.

	Dolls.	Cts.
Beef, bbl	20	50
Beans, white kidney, 200lb.	5	25
Butter, lb		20
Cod Fish,	6	75
Flour, super.	10	50
Grain, wheat, fans	2	50
—, barley, do.	2	
—, corn, do.	2	
Hams, lb		35
Hogs Lard.		45
Pitch,	6	
Rice, 112lb,	6	
Rosin,	8	
Staves, pipe	90	75
—, hhd	60	
—, bbl	40	75
Tar,	4	30
Whale Bone,	95	
Pork,	26	50

Spanish Produce.

Almonds, without shell, quin.	18	
Anchovies, keg	5	
Brandy Holl. proof.	90	35
Oil, do.	115	
Figs, quint.	3	
Lemons, box	2	40
Olives, jar		50
Raisins, keg	7	
—, jar	2	
—, box	3	
Salt, last	4	52
Saffron, lb	7	
Castile Soap, quint.	15	16
Starch, lb		10

Vinegar

Vinegar Wine, 4 1-2 galls. 1
 Vermicelli, lb 10
 Wine, Sherry, Am. mark. } 21
 qu. cask
 —, Malaga, 15
 —, Catalonia, red, pipe, 37 66

Dimensions of lumber fit for this market—Pine boards, from 24 to 36 feet long, and 2, 3, 3 1-2, 4, 5, 6 inches thick, and 10 wide; do, 12 feet long, 12 inches wide; 1 1-2 thick; masts, spars, &c. &c. for building ships: beams of all kinds; scantling from 4 by 5 to 6 by 8.

Course of Exchange.

London,	30	Amsterdam,	78
Genoa,	154	Hamburg,	68
Paris,	1310		

The following articles, viz. indigo, cochinilla, coffee, cotton, cinnamon, elephants teeth, nutmegs, pepper, pale bark, red do. sugars, are extremely high at present, without buyers or sellers, on account of our political state with England.

Salem, January 20.

Capt Martin, from St. Eustatia, informs that capt. M'Cartney, in a schooner belonging to Boston, from London to Demarara, was captured by a British frigate, and ordered from Martinique, with a prize master and eight seamen. On the passage thither, capt. M'Cartney, with the supercargo, and his son secured the Englishmen below and retook his vessel. A short time after, being at helm, with loaded pistols in the waistbands of his small cloaths he received a blow from the tiller, and one of them went off and wounded him in the thigh mortally. He then gave up his vessel again, and released the Englishmen. She was then carried into Fort Royal, where capt. M'Cartney shortly after died of his wound.

Providence Jan. 27.

Extract of a letter from Copenhagen to a gentleman in this town dated October 5.

"Our government have lately passed a resolution permitting American vessels to bring India goods to this market, direct from any port in the East-Indies, China excepted, on the same footing in all respects as Danish ships. We expect this measure will give our friends in America a good opportunity of extending their India trade.

Philadelphia, January 27.

Melancholy and Distressing.

This morning, at a quarter before six, a fire broke out in the lower part of the dwelling-house of Mr. Andrew Brown, printer, of this city. The usual spirited exertions of the citizens prevented the flames from extending to the adjoining houses—and Mr. Brown's printing office escaped uninjured. Every humane bosom must be wrung with anguish at the recital of the shocking catastrophe of this event—Mr. Brown, his apprentices, and some other domestics of the family, escaped with their lives, by rushing through the flames, or jumping from the windows—Mr. Brown, is very much burnt and is dangerously ill—A maid servant is also so burnt, that it is thought she cannot recover—Two of the apprentices were much bruised by their fall from the windows—Mrs. Brown, and her three children, a son and two daughters, fell victims to the flames and suffocation.

January 30.

We informed our readers in our paper of Saturday morning, of the melancholy catastrophe, of Mr. Brown's family, from fire. In the afternoon

afternoon of the same day the remains of Mrs. Brown, and her three children, (the eldest a girl of thirteen, the second a boy of nine, and the youngest a girl of seven years of age) were conveyed in three coffins from the house of Major Robert Patton, to the grave-yard of St. Paul's church, attended by the clergy of all denominations, and by the greatest concourse of other citizens that probably ever convened at a funeral in this city. The sympathy in this mournful scene, was sincere and universal, and many tears were shed over the deceased, by all classes of people. After reading the funeral service, the Rev. Doctor Magaw, ascended the pulpit of St. Paul's church, and addressed a few pathetic words to the audience.—His sympathy, and the agitation of the audience, prevented his saying more. He concluded, by promising to preach a sermon suited to the awful event next Sunday.

Mrs. Brown will long be remembered and lamented by all who knew her, for her amiable domestic and social virtues.

We have heard, since Saturday, the negro boy supposed to be burnt, escaped unhurt. Mr. Brown is indebted, under Providence, for his life to the fidelity and exertions of his black servant, who conducted him on a ladder from the third story of his house, to which he had ascended through a stair-case, while it was in flames, in order to save his wife and children. He was much injured by the fire, but is now out of danger.

Two servant maids, and three apprentices, who were likewise a good deal burnt, are all, it is said, upon the recovery.

February 1.

A fire broke out on Saturday evening last, in the malt room of Mr. Thomas Morris's brewhouse,

in Moravian alley. The fire was extinguished before it got to any considerable height, which probably prevented serious consequences—the place being difficult of access.

Fayetteville, February 4.

On the 16th ult. Mr. and Mrs. Glare, of Robison, were murdered by a mulatto girl. Mrs. G. went to sleep in the day time—the girl having killed him with an axe, went to the door and called on her mistress from a neighbouring house, and said her master wanted to speak to her—Mrs. G. immediately repaired to the bed side of her husband, and was about to uncover him, when the girl struck her with the axe, and killed her also. The girl is now in Lamberton jail, and her trial was to come on the 2d instant.

It is supposed the girl's reason for committing this horrid deed, was owing to her master having made a will some time ago, in which he desired this girl to be free after the death of himself and wife.

CHARLESTON,

FEBRUARY 18, 1797.

ARRIVALS.

February 10.—Ship John, Goodwin, Boston—Tilden—rum, brandy, gin, goods and produce.

February 11.—Shoener Fame, Hibbard, Nevis—master—14 puncheons rum, 4 barrels sugar.

Brig Sterling, Wyer, Boston—master—bricks and hay.

Sloop Mercury, Brown, Savannah—master—cotton and lumber.

Schooner Industry, Todd, Savannah, lumber.

Sloop Betsey, Hoodly, Savannah—master—lumber.

February

February 13.—Sloop Romeo, Baker, New-York—H. Ellison—goods and produce.

February 15.—Sloop Supply, Smith, Bermuda—master—11 puncheons rum.

February 16.—Schooner Apollo, Kingsley, Petit-Guave—J. Hamilton—70 barrels, 6 hogheads, 579 bags, and 90,000 wt. coffee in bulk.

Brig Two Brothers, Luther, George-Town—master—rice and lumber.

Schooner Hope, Bullet, Jacmel—Kirk and Lukins—835 bags of coffee.

Schooner Two Sisters, West, Nassau—P. Gadsden—1000 bushels salt.

February 17.—Schooner Hunter, Sanderleir, North-Carolina—master—slaves.

Sloop Patty, Read, North-Carolina—master—slaves.

Ship Minerva, Page, Providence (R. I.)—Arnold—gin, rum and goods.

On Tuesday last, the following gentleman were elected directors of the bank of South-Carolina for the ensuing year:

Thomas Jones
William Somersall
James Gregorie
John Splatt Cripps
James Hamilton
John Edwards
Thomas Martin
Robert Dewar
Spencer Mann
Keating Simons
William Greenwood, sen.
John Williamson
Thomas Ogier.

BY AUTHORITY.

Promotion and appointments in the Corps of Artillerists and Engineers.

Lieutenants George Delmar and Joseph Elliott, to be captains.

Andrew Marschalk, Howell Cobb, Joseph Campbell, Richard Whiley, Philip Landais, Philip Rodrique, James Triplett, Thomas J. Vandyke, Samuel T. Dyson, George Ross James Rand, Robert Parkinson to be lieutenants.

MARRIAGES.

MARRIED.]—On Saturday evening, by the Reverend Mr. Frost, Mr. Samuel Smith, to Miss Catherine Marsh, daughter of the late Joseph Marsh, deceased, both of this city.

On Friday, Mr. Alexander Calder, to Mrs. Scott, relict of Mr. Scott; printer, deceased.

DEATH.

DIED.]—On Wednesday morning, the 15th instant, Major Thomas Watkins, of Augusta, state of Georgia.

Notes to Correspondents.

* * We doubt the originality of "The Unfortunate Daughter, a moral tale;" and we have plenty of printed materials to select from, without being dictated to.

+++ No. 1. of "Thoughts on the most eligible system of establishing a national university," &c. shall certainly have a place in our next.

§§§ Our correspondent, Edwin, will also see his "Essay on Lying" in our next: The two last articles came to hand after our miscellaneous department of this Number was closed.

¶¶ The Editors would be glad to speak with D. C.

ERATUM—in No 7.

Page 205, 1st column, 5th line of the piece, for rarticle read "article."